# MR. GLADSTONE AT OXFORD

1890

THE RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE

*Frontispi*

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## 1890

BY

C. R. L. Fletcher

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE . *Frontispiece*

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VIEW OF ROOMS AT ALL SOULS COLLEGE, OXFORD, OCCUPIED BY MR. GLADSTONE . . . . . ,, 62

*The portraits are from photographs taken at Oxford, during the week of Mr. Gladstone's visit, by Miss Acland, for whose kindness the author is most grateful.*

# MR. GLADSTONE AT OXFORD

The following letters were written to a correspondent who was a devoted admirer of Mr. Gladstone from his earliest years. I, the writer (described in the letters as F.), had on the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's visit ceased to be a Fellow of All Souls College for a little over a year, but, though recently married, I obtained "leave from home" to spend in the College, whose hospitality is ever open to its "quondams," the week from January 30—February 7, 1890, with a view to writing down, for the benefit of the correspondent above mentioned, anything that I could collect of interest, and especially any of Mr. Gladstone's famous conversation. Unfortunately only two of the letters are

really full, and there is a complete lacuna from February 3 to February 8. The letters concerning these days must have been lost or lent to friends, and cannot now be recovered. It has been thought desirable that some record of the memorable visit—Mr. Gladstone's last visit but one to the Oxford he so dearly loved—should be published. For he came but once more, at the beginning of the Michaelmas Term, 1892, to deliver the first Romanes Lecture, when he was Prime Minister for the fourth time. On that occasion he was the guest of Dean Paget at Christ Church.

Probably any Fellow of the College, of which I was certainly the least distinguished member, could have given a better account of all that we heard and felt; and my only excuse for publishing these letters is that, so far as is known, no other record of his conversations in the College now exists. The letters as they stand were, with one exception,

written late at night, often occupying from three to four hours after Mr. Gladstone had gone to bed, which he usually did at about half-past ten; and as they were then intended for no eyes but those of the correspondent to whom I had been in the habit all my life of writing almost daily, they are necessarily scrappy and fragmentary. But it has been thought better to give them as they were written, and no attempt has been made to dress them up or to rectify the errors of diction, except by the expansion of symbols and abbreviations and by punctuation—save, indeed, in the case of the letter dated February 8, which, for reasons unconnected with Mr. Gladstone's visit, had to be recast. When looked at after seventeen years much of them appears very trivial, and they certainly give a very imperfect account of the extraordinary volume and vivacity of Mr. Gladstone's talk. Since his death several friends have asked me to publish

them, but it was not till January of last year that I took the preliminary step of asking Mr. John Morley's advice on the subject. Mr. Morley is, as Mr. Gladstone was, an Honorary Fellow of the College, and he gave me every possible encouragement, and most kindly allowed me to use his name as approving of the scheme; "for," he said, "I am convinced that the more that is known about Mr. Gladstone the greater he will appear." He recommended me to ask a further sanction from Mr. Henry Gladstone, who, on behalf of his family, gave it in the most gracious manner possible; and the cup of kindness was filled up by the Warden of All Souls, who promised me the assistance that was in his power, and his only, to give.

The relations existing between all Fellows, past and present, of All Souls College, which yearly becomes, according to the beautiful prayer appointed for our Founder's Day,

"the fruitful mother of more happy children," have always been peculiarly intimate and brotherly—more so, I believe, than similar relations in any society with such a standing and such a history; and for this reason I have thought it better to designate each of the actual members of the College who took part in the conversations which I have recorded merely by initials. Those of us who were present will probably recognise to whom these initials refer, and it does not concern any one else to know. My readers, outside our own circle, will only care to know about Mr. Gladstone, whose words are here as literally recorded as my memory after the lapse of a few hours could record them.

I must be allowed, however, one or two words of preface concerning my own impressions of the man, which I am allowed to supplement by some received from other Fellows. I was not at all prepared for the

spell he cast upon me, for, being an intolerant Tory and a strong Erastian, I regarded both his theological opinions and everything he had done in politics since 1868 with the greatest abhorrence. But I immediately fell, as I believe every one did, under the spell—I can only call it a spell—of his rich, low, ringing voice and of the marvellous vivacity and flow of his conversation. Two remarkable instances of this "spell" have been communicated to me by Fellows of the College who were present at an earlier visit of Mr. Gladstone, which took place in November 1888, in circumstances described as follows by W. R. A. :—

"When Dr. Talbot was Warden of Keble Mr. Gladstone used from time to time to pay visits to him and Mrs. Talbot, and on these occasions he was accustomed very courteously to call upon me, as Head of the College of which he was an Honorary Fellow. Not being informed beforehand of

these visits, I had always failed to meet him, and on one occasion, when I heard from the Talbots that he was coming to them, I asked them to arrange that Mr. Gladstone should come at an hour in the afternoon when I could take him into the coffee-room and introduce some of the Fellows to him. Mr. Gladstone very kindly fell in with the proposal, and named an hour for his visit. I gave notice to the Fellows, and a party of them assembled in the coffee-room to give him tea. The visit took place in November 1888, and led, I think, to the longer sojourn in 1890, for Mr. Gladstone was evidently pleased with the cordiality of his welcome. This is indicated by the letter in which he proposed to come up in 1890. The letter runs as follows :—

"'Hawarden Castle, nr. Chester,
"'*Christmas D.* 89.

"'Dear Mr. Warden,—When I was last at Oxford, and was very kindly received

at All Souls, all other kindness was crowned by an invitation, or suggestion, that I should pay a visit to the College in the capacity of Honorary Fellow.

"'This means, I imagine, for the time, rooms, commons, Hall and Chapel; and such a vision of renovated youth has a great charm for me.

"'It would be in my power to devote a week to this purpose on or about January 30—and I have put on a front of sevenfold brass to ask whether I really may?

"'If I may, I should wish only to make one condition—that of disturbing nobody and nothing; and to know whether, in order to insure giving no trouble, I might bring a servant who, I can answer for it, would give no sort of offence.

"'I rely on your kindness to let me know whether time or any other impediment makes it desirable to adjourn this pro-

posal.—Believe me, dear Mr. Warden, faithfully yours, W. E. Gladstone.

"'*The Warden of All Souls!*"

Thus C. G. L. writes: "Mr. Gladstone arrived in the afternoon and was brought by the Warden into the coffee-room to be introduced to the Fellows. M. B. had expressed in vigorous terms his conviction that he could not conscientiously meet Mr. Gladstone, but had been persuaded to join in the reception. Directly Mr. Gladstone heard his name he said, 'Ah, Professor, it is one of the charms of Oxford that one meets at every moment some one with whose name in some branch of learning one has long been familiar.' M. B. beamed with obvious pleasure, and at once surrendered to the spell. Soon after I saw him trotting about after Mr. Gladstone with the sugar and cream-jug. The other person whom Mr. Gladstone singled out for attention was the great

academic champion of the Liberal Unionist cause."

T. R. also notices this. "Conscious of certain passages at arms that other Professor, when he entered the room and saw who was there, was going to sit down at a distance; but Mr. Gladstone seized him and began, 'Oxford is too interesting! I did not expect to have the opportunity of meeting you,' and with this he led his opponent to a sofa and began to take a lesson in the Law of the Constitution."

Yet I think that two things struck me even more than the spell which he cast—namely, Mr. Gladstone's beautiful simplicity and his perfect courtesy. He was much the "finest gentleman" I ever met; and the result was that every one, down to the humblest College servant, felt the better for being in his presence. All sorts of tales were going round Oxford at the

time and for months afterwards of the strange things he had said and done; some very ungenerous things were said, among others that he had affected a High Toryism in order to please people here. Apart from the fact that he was wholly incapable of affectation, I am quite sure that that would be the wrong way to put it. It is true that the Oxford, and even at times the world in which his thoughts seemed to be moving, were not the Oxford or the world of that day; he often genuinely and honestly said that he looked back with regret to "unreformed" Oxford.

As C. W. O. says: "He was full of anecdotes and illustrations of the most interesting kind, but I noted that they all bore on the earlier half of his political career. He told us much about such people as Lord Melbourne, Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Palmerston, but practically

nothing of what happened after 1866; he never in my hearing mentioned Disraeli . . . of his own Oxford life he was ever ready to speak."

But I think any one who has studied Mr. Morley's splendid biography will see this temper of its hero constantly reflected in its pages; while, as for affectation, Mr. Gladstone and affectation within a day's march of each other are inconceivable. His conservatism — that seems to be the best word for it—was by no means merely academic. I never saw any sign, other than his universal courtesy, that he was trying to conciliate, by a display of this mental attitude, his political opponents; but when he came here it was as if he had stepped backwards over a gulf. "He became once more," says T. R., "the Junior Burgess for the University whom Dr. Bullock Marsham had advised to guide

himself by the example of Sir Robert Inglis. I fancy that there were indeed many Liberal principles which he had adopted without assimilating." But in academic matters this attitude was very clearly marked. His own political supporters, good academic Liberals, were expected to sympathise with his views about the University which dated from 1847 at the very latest. It was the Chairman of the "Liberal Three Hundred" to whom he said, "I am sure, Sir William, your memory will bear me out in saying that a valuable element was lost to our social life with the disappearance of our noblemen and gentlemen-commoners."[1] He said in my hearing much the same thing

[1] "I am sure that you will agree with me that not merely Christ Church, but the University generally, and, I might almost add, our social life has suffered with the disappearance," &c. [Correction by W. R. A.]

to A. H. H., who tells me that, when he afterwards mentioned the fact to the late Lord Salisbury, that statesman drily remarked: "When these privileged persons existed Mr. Gladstone was always urging their abolition."

"He never concealed," says T. R., "his belief that the Oxford of 1890 was in certain respects inferior to the Oxford of 1830. He was shocked, not without reason, at the laxity which allows young men to perambulate the streets in 'shorts.'"

And C. G. L. adds: "I remember vividly his answer to a question as to the chief differences which he noticed between undergraduates of this and of his own time: 'I have no hesitation in saying that the most obvious difference is in the dress which they see fit to wear in the High

Street. I was almost shocked with the spectacle of men in boating costume, indeed I may say in very scanty costume, in the High Street. Such a thing would have been impossible in my time. We were much more concerned about our dress. I remember contemporaries—young men at Christ Church—who, when they were not hunting, made a point of promenading the High Street in the most careful attire. And some of them kept a supply of breeches which they only wore for that purpose, and *in which they never sat down lest any creases should appear.* I confess I think the undergraduates now seem to have passed to the other extreme.'" . . . So, too, C. W. O. says: "When asked, after his lecture at the Union, how an undergraduate audience of 1890 differed from one of his own youth, he replied that the main thing which he observed was that dress had become so careless. In his

youth, he said, there would have been dozens of men present, 'who, with their two watch chains, their elaborate waistcoats, and their fashionable suits, could not have been dressed for £30'; but in 1890 he did not notice a man who could not have been dressed for £10, and the general effect was rather slovenly."

The proposal to dispense with *viva voce* in Responsions drew forth a sorrowful protest. Everything, he complained, was being made too easy. Both Greek and mathematics, he understood, were in danger because they involved hard work. Even so harmless an institution as Liddell and Scott's Lexicon did not escape censure. Mr. Gladstone had a word to say for Schrevelius: "You younger men have so many helps and appliances! When there was only Schrevelius I had to make my own Homeric Lexicon, and the labour did me good."

T. R. continues: "We went for a little walk together, he and I, and he gave me in a meditative kind of way the points of his political relations with the University. What struck me was that he spoke not as a Liberal, but as an Oxford man who had gone into the Liberal party because the Tory party was under—*influences;* he lingered on the word; no doubt Protectionism and Disraeli were in his mind. He still valued Oxford as a power counteracting dangerous tendencies in politics—especially the tendency to ignore the fatal effect which the absence of religious belief must have on society and Government. Politics were in our general conversations neither avoided nor led up to; he was essentially πολιτικὸν ζῷον, and if he was inclined to talk even of the most modern politics he would do so. But he was not 'the greatest member of Parliament that ever lived' without being well aware of how to closure a discussion with perfect courtesy; once I

heard him administer a sharp and well-deserved rap; several times I noticed how quickly he skated over thin ice, and was back on thick again."

T. R.'s general estimate of the great personality of Mr. Gladstone runs as follows: "Nobody could be better company in a house than Mr. Gladstone was. He entered at once into all the ways of the place. His hours of work were carefully observed: he did not wait for the clock to strike, but rose from his chair two minutes before the time. When I saw him at work what impressed me was the steadiness of his pace. Each minute he laid so much of his task behind him like a labourer laying an even swathe. His great power of work was in some ways a disadvantage to him. From morning till night he was either taking something into his mind or pouring it out again in words; there were none of those unoccupied times in which things settle down and take a clear outline.

And this may partially account for his habit of lapsing out of one opinion into another without being conscious of the change. He went from breakfast to his desk, and seldom read the newspaper. One morning during his stay all the papers had reports of the case in which Mr. Parnell recovered large damages from the proprietors of the *Times;* Mr. Gladstone heard of the event at 7.30 P.M. from one of his neighbours at dinner.

"The charm of his talk cannot be rendered in description—the softness of the lower tones of the voice, the easy constant movement as he turned from one to the other: the clenched fist, the open palm, and the challenging forefinger, which the House of Commons knew so well. Sometimes he seemed to drop out of the conversation, his eye looked veiled and tired; but at the first sound of a name that appealed to him the veil seemed to lift, and he was watching the moment to speak. He spoke much but not continuously, for

he always felt that Oxford was a place where he ought to be learning from the men who knew. . . . One admirable characteristic was his unwillingness to speak ill of any individual; he spoke generously of opponents; supporters who had turned against him called up a peculiar expression on his face, but he anxiously gave them their due. It must be remembered that in 1890 he was constantly chafed by having to sit on the same bench with the Liberal Unionist leaders. . . . He was not exactly a humourist, but he had a genuine sense of humour, displayed rather in manner than in forms of speech. One morning when we were at breakfast he came in with a brown loaf, supported on a sheet of paper in his hand. He came to the end of the table just as he might have come to the table of the House, and began: 'This loaf is presented by a baker who is pleased to describe himself as an admirer of mine.' He proceeded to give us a full account of

the merits of the loaf." We finished the loaf: if I remember right it was a trifle heavy. "Then, sitting down and beginning his meal, he went on: 'The operations of my admirers reduce themselves on the average and in the long run to a kind of balance: some of them present me with things which they suppose I want, and the others steal what I have;' he described the precautions which had to be taken at Hawarden to prevent enthusiastic tourists from carrying off his axes and other portable property."

## Letters

*Wednesday, January* 29, '90.—Mr. Gladstone will dine in College on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and as many other days as he is not invited out. He is to breakfast in his own room. Whether he will lunch in the Buttery, or not, I don't know. T. R.—the Dean, whose duty it is to select the Fellows

who are to read—swears he will make him read the lessons in Chapel.

* * *

Mr. Gladstone did not breakfast in his own room, but each day, except once when I think he was invited elsewhere, came to the Common College breakfast in the Common Room. This I always regarded as the pleasantest meal of the day, and he was always in extraordinarily good form at it. He used to sit on the left-hand side of the fireplace, and I remember his great admiration of the shape of the room. At dinner, although his talk was more sustained, it seemed to cost him a greater effort, and after nine o'clock he often yawned. It was certainly at the breakfast table that we juniors got the most out of him.

W. R. A. thus describes an invitation which Mr. Gladstone received to a breakfast party at Magdalen. "During Mr. Glad-

stone's visit, Sir Henry Acland invited Mrs. Gladstone to come and stay with him and witness Mr. Gladstone's collegiate experiences. We all thought that Mr. G. somewhat resented this intrusion of the domestic into the academic life, but, at any rate, his movements were unaffected by the presence of Mrs. Gladstone. She stayed with Sir Henry for two nights, was present when Mr. Gladstone delivered his address at the Union, and asked me whether there would be any objection to her coming on the following morning to our chapel service, whereat Mr. Gladstone was a regular attendant. I begged Sir Henry, himself a 'quondam,' to bring her to chapel, and it was arranged that they should breakfast afterwards at my house. I then waylaid Mr. Gladstone as he was walking out to dinner, and asked him if he would join our breakfast party. Nothing, he said, would have given him greater pleasure than to breakfast with the Warden, 'but it so hap-

pens that I am engaged to breakfast with the President of Magdalen, to meet the President of the University Boat Club, and the Captain of the University eleven.'"

C. W. O. adds to this: "It was while I was showing Mr. Gladstone round the Library, on the third day of his stay, that we were surprised to see Mrs. Gladstone enter. She told him that she had come to see that he did not over-exert himself, as she feared that he was seeing too much company. He replied, in the most affectionate but humorous tones, that many people had been telling him that there were too many ladies in Oxford, since the ladies' colleges had been set up, and that, if she carried him back to London at once, he was sure that these people would consider themselves quite justified of their opinion; for the rest, he said, he was 'enjoying himself mightily, and did not think that such a pleasurable visit could be doing him any harm.'"

THE RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE AND MRS. GLADSTONE

Concerning the breakfast party at Magdalen interesting reminiscences have been communicated to me by the President and three of the Fellows of Magdalen. C. C. J. W., after mentioning the persons present, writes: "The date was February 6, '90: we did not break up till 11.30. Mr. Gladstone said that he recollected the younger Kean acting Henry V. in 1859, and that the lines—

> I thought upon each pair of English legs
> Did march three Frenchmen—

were always received with much applause: 'On the night, however, on which the news of Magenta (I think) arrived they were received in silence.' Mr. Gladstone gave this as an instance of the spontaneous good feeling of the audience, which did not let them boast over the French, when the French had been fighting gallantly and they themselves were at home at ease. After breakfast

we adjourned to the President's study. The talk turned at first upon the Homeric gods, was chiefly addressed to D. G. H., and, as was natural in view of D. G. H.'s recent production of the 'Devia Cypria,' Aphrodite was mentioned and her oriental character discussed. . . . Some of it was also on Greek topics of a more modern date; Mr. Gladstone said that his popularity in Greece was largely due to his name being declinable: Γλαδστῶν, Γλαδστῶνος, &c. I think this was to cap a story which J. T. told of a Greek who knew only two English words, *London* and *Gladstone*. Mr. G. also spoke of the Sultan and the Turks. He did not approve of the Greek claim to Thessaly. Of the genuine Turks he spoke with respect, but 'the Sultan,' said he, 'is false as hell.' He said that the Sultan had once sent over an old Turkish Bey to treat confidentially with his, Mr. Gladstone's, Government; they had liked him greatly and got on with him

excellently; he was an honest man; but the Sultan sent to watch him another envoy, 'who, I am sorry to say, was not a true man: it was doubtless represented to the Sultan by this person that the Bey got on too well with the English ministers, for he went back to Turkey and was never heard of again.' When at length Mr. Gladstone got up to go, the President presented to him more particularly those members of the company to whom he had not talked; to most of these he had something to say; to J. S. he spoke of the big sums which he remembered being earned by operatic singers, particularly by Patti. He had known my father, who was a friend of Sir Stephen Glynne, and had stayed at Hawarden; to me he naturally recalled this."

A. D. G. adds: "After eighteen years I have forgotten exactly who was present, but I remember that C. M. was introduced to Mr. Gladstone rather embarrassingly as 'Our

philologist.' Our guest was very cheerful, thoroughly alert and vigorous—making little jokes at breakfast about having left Mrs. Gladstone behind because there were too many ladies in Oxford already, and full of conversation on a variety of subjects. He said something to everybody, and it was always meant to be something specially appropriate. Nothing came amiss to him, and even on rowing he gave the President of the O.U.B.C. several quite new facts about the history of that sport. Of course nobody dared to draw him on politics. But he happened to be talking about Jews and mentioned the fact that there were none or very few in Ireland; somebody was rash enough to suggest that recent events were not very encouraging to capitalists in that country; for a moment the speaker was conscious of being transfixed by a terrible eye; it was only for a moment, but one had the sense of potential annihilation. The

little that Mr. Gladstone did say about current politics was rather surprising. He spoke with strong condemnation of schemes for disestablishment (of the Welsh Church, I think), and used the phrase, 'regrettable cupidity,' of the Russian ambition to possess Constantinople. This seemed hardly in character: I don't remember that he was speaking to Conservatives, and even if he had been, he was not one to make concessions to his audience; but I believe that he was susceptible to the *genius loci*, that Oxford made him a Tory again because he had been a Tory there once. We sat talking, or being talked to, in the President's study till nearly noon. I say 'being talked to' because really, as was natural, nobody said very much except the great man. Yet this was the surprising thing, that the impression left was not of a monologue at all; rather we felt that we had had a conversation led and dominated by a master of the art of dialogue.

One began to realise how much 'personal magnetism' and social skill had to do with the holding together of a miscellaneous political party in Parliament."

T. H. W. adds: "Some of the party who had met Mr. Gladstone before, said that they had never known him so brilliant. He certainly appeared to be in the best of health and spirits. A lady who was present, having begun the conversation by saying that she heard that Mrs. Gladstone was coming to Oxford, the great man replied, 'Yes, and I must tell you that it is entirely without my countenance. . . .' He then spoke of the College Chapel, which he had been attending frequently, and the talk came to turn on the point whether the choir was heard to better advantage when the Chapel was full or empty. Sir J. S. was appealed to. He said that Magdalen Chapel might be more resonant when comparatively empty, but that if a building were at all large, it

was better that it should be full. Some one then asked Mr. Gladstone, 'Which is better for speaking in, a full room or an empty room?' I cut in and said, 'You mustn't ask Mr. Gladstone that, he has had no experience of an empty room.' This seemed to please him; with a smile all over his face, and in quite an Odyssean manner, he replied, 'I have had *all* experiences.' I then said, 'We might perhaps go further and ask whether a little opposition is not a good thing for a speaker.' Mr. G.: 'Certainly, the worst thing in the world is a dead audience. City gatherings are bad, because as a rule there are a good many ladies present and they are not allowed by etiquette to demonstrate or express their feelings, consequently they are so much dead weight.' An audience of actors, he said, was the best he had ever had; they appreciated points with so much rapidity. He then spoke of Bishop Christopher Wordsworth and his book

on Greece; 'it was a notable book; he discovered the site of Dodona and gave his reasons for the identification; years afterwards the Germans made the same discovery. His smaller book on Athens is the only book which handles topography with grace.' He then spoke of public schools: 'Harrow is wonderful as having been a local grammar school which has blossomed into the great institution it now is; there are other examples of the same kind, such as Uppingham.' A. D. G. said, 'Yes, and Rugby.' Mr. G.: 'Yes, but Rugby never got quite into the first rank. It was always dependent on its Headmaster. Old Hawtrey used to say that Eton was independent of its Head. Probably the same might be said of Winchester. Eton and Winchester would go on whoever was Head; they are national institutions.' Returning to the Wordsworths he quoted the Bishop of St. Andrews' Latin lines on his wife—

I nimium dilecta, vocat Deus, i bona nostræ
Pars animæ ; mærens altera disce sequi.

'But,' added Mr. Gladstone, 'the Bishop afterwards married again. . . . Bishop Wordsworth broke down in health as a young man; he is now eighty-four; it is often so. Look at Liddell! When he was a young man he was condemned; Acland took him to Madeira for several years; he recovered his health, and has grown into the grand old man we all know.' By-and-by Mr. Gladstone gave us a most amusing account of how he had gone, as a young man, to a music hall. 'It was when I was less well known; I dursn't do it now; it was quite respectable, but oh! so dull. By-and-by, looking round, I found that no one was drunk, but that everybody about me was quietly boozing, and I retired as being a very unprofitable attendant.' In the library to which we adjourned, he spoke mainly about Greece, ancient and modern. He

thought that after the Crimean War a great Turk might have restored Turkey; now she had sunk beyond recovery. He thought that Homer had intended to write, or rather sing, two more poems, on the wanderings of Menelaus and on the last days and death of Odysseus. He did not believe the existing poems were largely interpolated: 'nowhere can you pick out five lines which have not the characteristic Homeric style; Homeric atmosphere pervades the whole Homeric poems.'"

D. G. H. says: "I recall that he arrived rather late . . . his conversation throughout was addressed to the company present. He spoke of having seen Routh in Convocation; he talked most of the events of his own youth, seeming to remember them much more clearly than those of his middle life. . . . When we passed into the library a semicircle was formed, with Mr. Gladstone at one horn of it on the left and

myself next to him. He was very deaf, and I had to repeat to him many things said by others in the company. He talked to me about the nearer East, of which he had heard that I had seen something, of his own mission to the Ionian Isles, of the present Sultan. He spoke hopefully of Greece, and asked if brigandage had ceased. When the circle broke up, I recall that he spoke to E. of the quantity of port habitually consumed by his (E.'s) ancestor, Lord Eldon. To the president of the O.U.B.C. he commented on the respective sizes of the heads of men in the Cambridge and Oxford boats. . . . When he left the house two females emerged stealthily from behind a chapel buttress and followed him to the Lodge, and up the High Street. I had to go up the street also, and I saw them following him past Queen's College, where all the cabmen on the stand lined up and touched or took off their hats to

him. Mr. G. was in academical dress and carried a large gamp umbrella; he walked very fast, with long strides, responding to all salutes."

* * *

*Friday*, 31.—All his portraits make him too fierce. There is great mobility and play of face, as well as of gesture with the hands, which he is fond of bringing down plump on the table to emphasise a point (not good for our table, which is a very old, thin bit of the finest mahogany). Eyes grey-blue, and though occasionally they light up so much as to be describable as "fierce," in ordinary conversation they are essentially mild. On the only occasion on which I heard him in the House ten years ago he looked big (I suppose men do look big there), but really he is short of stature and slight.[1] Both sight and hear-

[1] I take exception to the epithet "slight." —W. R. A.

C. W. O. says: "My first impression of him

ing are slightly affected, but he marches bravely; simply lives in his cap and gown, and mislays it whenever he has to take it off.[1] Likes to accept little attentions from Juniors, and accepts them very prettily.

was that he was a much bigger man than I had expected."

[1] It was sometimes very difficult to induce Mr. Gladstone to divest himself of his gown, and I am sure that he regarded the less frequent use of academical dress as a sign of decadence in university life. On one night of his visit he went with me to dine at the Club, a dining society of twelve persons then just completing the first century of its existence. The member who entertained the Club on that evening was Dr. Bellamy, who was then Vice-Chancellor. Mr. G. started with me in full academical dress. I remarked that we did not wear gowns at the Club dinner, and he replied that in the presence of the Vice-Chancellor he must wear his gown. I did not pursue the subject, and during the rest of our short drive we discussed, heaven knows why, the comparative efficiency of municipal government at Manchester and Liverpool. When we entered the drawing-

I was not presented to him to-night, but he spoke to me accidentally on some point of College history. He has "le grand air bourbonien," and his manners are very perfect. Quite without affectation, he has the views and habits of an earlier age. He spoke very prettily to H. W. B., who was too much struck with the suddenness of the address to converse with him, when Gladstone said, "We were at Eton together, were we not?" (By the way, B. always used to say of his Eton days: "Yes, Gladstone was a horrid boy, horrid boy, asked me to belong to a debating society once!")

room at St. John's, Dr. Bellamy said at once, after the first greetings, "Mr. Gladstone, you must take off your gown." "But," said Mr. G., "in the presence of the Vice-Chancellor—" "Oh, no," said Dr. Bellamy, "we make no account of Vice-Chancellors in the Club. You must take off your gown." "Well," said Mr. Gladstone, sadly, "in this lawless assembly I suppose I must conform to its rules."—W. R. A.

Gladstone has a strong Lancashire accent; calls "prefer" "prefurr"; "conform" almost became "confurrm," but not, you understand, the Scottish "r." Occasionally, as old people will, he elides an h; 'erb, 'armony came as a surprise to-night. I caught the following scraps of conversation: "Yes, I did hear Lord John [Russell] tell the story of his being presented to Napoleon at Elba."

"There have been no great musical composers for fifty years. Donizetti, Rossini, and Bellini are the last. 'La Donna è mobile' is the last air that has been written. Women's voices are not what they were. Now there's L. T.: she has a nice voice, but absolutely no style."

G. "I view with the greatest alarm the progress of Socialism at the present day."

H. H. H. "Mr. G., it lies with you to give it a great impulse forward or backward."

G. "Whatever influence I can use, Mr. H., will be used in the direction of stopping it. It will not be in my day, but it is alarming. It is the upper classes who are largely responsible for it." [Who's he thinking of?]

He ate everything. He drank, perfectly unconscious of what he was drinking, the first wine that came round to him. I thus noticed him drinking severally port, claret, which the "Screw" [the Junior Fellow who decants the wine] in his agitation had by mistake poured into a port-decanter, and brown sherry. He talked incessantly from seven-thirty till ten-twenty.

* * *

"Mr. Gladstone," says W. R. A., "only fell back upon brown sherry because the Junior Fellow had so maltreated the port. I had not noticed this mishap, and recollect calling Mr. Gladstone's attention to the decanter out of which he was helping

himself, as I thought he might have misread the labels. He replied that our port was excellent, but that his doctor had enjoined upon him the drinking of a drier wine. I did not discover till later the strange combination of flavours which had been presented to him in the guise of port."

With regard to Socialism T. R. notes that he said further: "For me Socialism has no attractions: nothing but disappointment awaits the working classes if they yield to the exaggerated anticipations which are held out to them by the Labour party."

H. H. H. adds: "He also expressed himself very positively on the subject of the greater class selfishness of the upper classes compared with the lower. I asked him whether Christianity was, in his opinion, as great a force in English politics now as it was fifty years ago. He said, in reply, that he thought it was greater, though the manner of its expression had changed, 'a

change which I, as a denominationalist and a dogmatist, cannot wholly approve.' He said that an indication of improvement was the better conduct of members at prayers. This was not the only occasion on which he described himself as 'a denominationalist and a dogmatist.' When some one 'drew' him on the question of Church schools, it was, he told us, in this dual capacity that he 'regarded the Board School as a most unsatisfactory solution of the problem of popular education.'" T. R. adds again: "Democracy indeed he seemed to accept, but he thought a wide franchise was not an advantage to the cause of reform. He tried to show that the real reforms of 1830–1880 would all have been carried by the unreformed House of Commons. This, I believe, was a favourite theme with him." To this A. H. H.: "I remember his rather staggering me by observing that the Duke of Wellington was quite right when he said

in 1830 that the Constitution was incapable of improvement, and by his defending the saying on the ground that the control which the House of Lords exercised by means of the pocket boroughs over the House of Commons, established an ideal as well as a real equilibrium between the component parts of Parliament. He went on to say that the Reform Bill of 1832 destroyed this equilibrium, and that thenceforward the Constitution was logically bound to develop on purely democratic lines, a result which he seemed to regard as a doubtful blessing." He also told C. G. L. outright that "in point of ability and efficiency he thought the country had never been better governed than in the period preceding the first Reform Bill."

We made at All Souls an exception in Mr. Gladstone's favour. No Fellow in my recollection ever spoke to another, however

much his senior, as "Mr.," but instinctively every one called the honorary Fellow, "Mr. Gladstone."

On this point C. G. L. remarks: "It fell to me on the first morning to have to address some formal question to him, and I addressed him of course as 'Mr. Gladstone.' He smiled and said, 'Surely it ought to be "Gladstone" here' (we were in the Common Room). But of course we could not take him at his word; do you think any one ever addressed the Great Commoner as 'Pitt'?"

* * *

*Saturday*, *February* 1.—"There is a beard upon the chin of man which, pointed at the tip, leads on to fortune." At breakfast this morning I found H. H. H., A. C. H., J. S. G. P., A. H. H., C. W. O., C. H. R., and Mr. Gladstone. The Old Man rose and bowed as I came in and of course I bowed back. I took the vacant seat right opposite

him, and we had much delightful conversation which I will endeavour to put down. But what was my amazement, when I got up to get my bacon and coffee from the fire, when he said, "I want a word with you afterwards, if it is not trespassing too much on your valuable time."

"My time has no value, Mr. Gladstone [I had three pupils waiting for me at 10, 11 and 12 respectively—poor beasts], but if it were much more valuable than it is it would be wholly at your service." [Blue funk on part of F. for the rest of breakfast.]

H. H. H. said: "Half the people in crowded towns are unbaptized."

G. "Not so in Catholic countries. A curate of ours went from Hawarden to a populous place in Nottinghamshire and found he had to baptize 1600 people in a year; as for those of confirmation age and above it, he thought it best not to ask them whether they had been baptized. No,

it wasn't Nottingham itself. I can't recall the name of the town, my memory is not what it was [then it must have been prodigious—it's big enough now, though very erratic and capricious]; but it was a great scandal to the great landowner[1] of the place. Who was he? I can't tell you; no, not the Newcastle family, but I can't recall who."

Some one asked him if there were fees for baptism. He didn't seem to know. Indignant chorus from H. H. H. and A. C. H.: "No!"

[1] This reference to the "great landowner" illustrates a point in Mr. Gladstone's view of English life which Mr. Morley has admirably brought out in his "Life." The world was often to him the pre-Reform Bill world, in which the "great landowner" would naturally look after both the souls and bodies of his tenants. Anything more out of touch with the world of 1890 than the notion that an owner of property in a large town would be supposed to know if its inhabitants were baptized or not can hardly be imagined.

G. "But I think in Catholic countries all the sacraments are charged for."

F. told J. D.'s story of the couple who lived for two months by getting their baby baptized in a fresh parish each day and getting a dinner out of the Vicar for their piety. G. laughed heartily at it.

A. C. H. "Do you like the addition to our reredos, Mr. G.?"

G. "I hardly noticed it, but I will look."

A. C. H. "We shall look for your opinion on it. There is great division of opinion on it in College." [C. W. O. groaned.]

C. H. R. "You know the heads of the statues in the reredos were copied from the heads of Fellows of the College living when it was put up?"

G. "Yes . . . it must have cost Bathurst a great deal of money."

A. C. H. "More than he intended, I believe."

G. "The sculptor, too, I've heard, was a man to make a good thing out of it. What was his name again?"

A. C. H. "Geflowski."

G. "Ah, yes, he was a shrewd man. But [to C. W. O.] you have been at Florence lately, and you've seen the new facciata of the Duomo? My friend Mr. Leader is San Callisto there." [Meaning that the statue of San Callisto is copied from Mr. L.'s head.]

C. W. O. "Oh, yes, the man who has just written the life of Sir John Hawkwood."

G. "It was, I believe, a joint composition. Marino (?) got a lot of documents together for it."

Some one started the question whether Warden and Fellows could still be buried in College Chapels. A. C. H. of course knew the law: "The Warden always; Fellows if they die in College." Then some one asked me if it was true that leave had been refused

to bury the late President of Magdalen in the Chapel. (I did not know.)

G. "Leave? From whom?"

A. C. H. "From the Home Secretary. I forget who he was at the time."

G. "Ah yes, of course I remember Palmerston refusing leave for a Canon of Westminster to be buried in the Abbey, which seems hard considering what a lot of people they bury there who have no connection with it."

F. "They still bury in the cloisters at Salisbury; do they bury in cloisters at Eton? Would a Provost have the right to be buried there if he had died in College?"

G. "I don't know. Where was the late Provost buried?"

F. "Either in Somersetshire, or in the Churchyard of Eton College Chapel."[1]

G. "The Chapel was the parish church

[1] See below, p. 81.

of Eton, of course." [He remembers much more about Eton than about Oxford.]

The conversation drifted back to fees for sacraments, and A. C. H. said: "Fees on marriage are irrecoverable by law. I am bound to marry two people properly banned and licensed, but have no means of getting the fee unless they please to give it me."

G. "It's the same with doctors." [Wrong, Mr. G.; new Act, perhaps you passed it.] "Now my doctor, Sir Andrew Clark, he's a very clever man and a very hard-working man. Eight hours a day? Sir, he works more like sixteen. He often gets no fees, though he has made a fortune larger than any doctor ever made. People send for him long distances into the country, and then give him nothing or the ordinary fee. He takes what he can get. He is utterly unmercenary. But you would be surprised to hear that no less a person than Dr. Hawtrey

told me that I would never believe it, if he were to give me the names of people who never paid their sons' bills."

F. "It was the same at Westminster. I had a most interesting document in my hands the other day—a manuscript diary and account book of Dr. Busby, and it contains endless entries, against the highest names, of bills unpaid."

G. "Ah, that's very interesting. Now why doesn't some one write a life of Dr. Busby? that would be a volume of great interest. Busby was the founder of the Public School system of England, and the Public School system is the greatest thing in England, not even excepting the House of Commons. Those two: the Public Schools and the House of Commons!" (slapping his hand thrice on the table). "Busby was a wonderful man: if I am not mistaken, he was made Headmaster under Charles I. and continued to be so until William III."

H. H. H. (laughing). "He must have been a pretty fair time-server then."

G. "No, and this is the point at which I am aiming—no one ever called him a time-server: he made the times serve him. Well now, his life must be written."

F. "Dr. Rutherford could do it very well; he is much interested: he wanted the Oxford Historical Society to publish this Diary, but, as it contained no reference to Oxford, we were obliged to decline."

A. C. H. then led the conversation to Christ's Hospital and the precarious position of its endowments, and asked whether the scheme was completed. Some one told a story of how he had been there lately, and had had a conversation with the old porter, who declared he wasn't going to move whatever the buildings did. G. laughed heartily, and asked what they were going to get for the site.

A. C. H. "£650,000 I was told."

G. "What does it cover?"

A. C. H. "Five and a half acres, I believe."

G. "It is to the south of Holborn, is it not?"

A. C. H. "No, to the north."

Then G. got boggled in his geography about the position of St. Bartholomew's, Newgate, &c. C. W. O. whispered: "He likes maps, draw it for him." F. drew and handed it over to him. Then he asked where St. Martin's-le-Grand was. He has quite forgotten his city, if indeed he ever knew it. Anyhow, he found H.'s figures far too low, and the conversation turned on the value of city sites.

G. "I remember a firm—a very good firm, who had two small rooms in Token-house Yard, and their rent was £300. They began to expect it to be raised, perhaps to £400 or even £500. So when the landlord next called they were very

polite, as he was to them, and he said they were such excellent tenants he would let them stop on at £1000. They were staggered, but accepted and made a very good thing out of it afterwards."

He then quoted several instances of enormous rents which I can't recollect. H. H. H. asked him: "Do you expect London to go on growing?"

G. "Yes, continually. In another century London will have ten millions of people."

H. H. H. "But will not the decay of the docks and all the industries depending on them affect London very much?"

G. "We can't tell yet. London is not like the great towns of the North, where there are a few great industries liable to sudden upset. Why do we never hear of great distress at Birmingham? Simply because its industries are so subdivided. Small industries are preferable to great

ones for the prosperity of a town. Now everything is made at Birmingham; all the sham oriental curiosities you buy as you jump ashore through the surf at Madras [Why Madras? he's never been in India, has he?] are made there. But the whole system of Lancashire industries will be upset by the Manchester Ship Canal. That will cause a stupendous industrial revolution."

C. W. O. "Will Liverpool suffer?"

G. evaded the question, but spoke of the difficulties of the bar at Liverpool, and said that the Manchester Canal was likely to lead to the opening of another mouth of the Mersey.

O. "Above or below Liverpool?"

G. "They mean to cut through the narrow neck of the Cheshire peninsula."

H. H. H. "But don't you remember that at the time of the war scare the Liverpool bar was supposed to be a great

protection—could easily be rendered impassable?"

I forget how the conversation got back to London, but something led Mr. Gladstone to say, with great emphasis: "Now that those *infamous* coal dues are taken off. . . ." He didn't exactly know whether they were off or only to come off, but C. H. R. supplied the information and recounted how, when he was City Remembrancer, a petition was got up against these dues, and how the City got up sham and bogus meetings, "as they know how to do," in defence of the dues.

G. (interrupting and with humour): "Nowhere is the art" [of getting up sham meetings, he meant] "better understood." [Much laughter, which delighted him.] "But, do you know, I think Randolph Churchill's speech had a great effect in getting those dues abolished. Most remarkable man is Randolph Churchill. He

went to that office [Exchequer] knowing nothing of figures, but having a natural capacity for the grasp of them, and I can tell you he impressed the Treasury and Revenue men very greatly. . . ."

One by one during breakfast people had dropped in and out, and of course many people took a part in the conversation, and much was said which I cannot now recall; but the protagonists were always H. H. H., C. W. O., and A. C. H. A. H. H., who is of course by far our best talker and likely to know more *de par le monde politique* than any of us, hardly said a word. Sometimes there was a little court of people half round and half behind Mr. G., who pushed his chair a little way back; and he had the prettiest way of half turning round to people and changing the address of his conversation. There was only one old Westminster boy present, F. W. B., and I think that, as usual, he

had got up late, for he came in after the episode about Busby; but some one mentioned him as a Westminster to Mr. Gladstone, who forthwith asked him a string of questions about the school, and said "in the seventeenth century it was much the greatest school in England," and he reeled off the names of some of its greatest sons: "Eton," he said, "only took the lead from the time of the Walpole family."

The butler poured out Mr. Gladstone's tea for him, and to everything that was handed him he always said, "Oh, thank you, thank you." A radiant smile mantled on the butler's solemn face, and he looked a "nunc dimittis." You know that till '86 he was a great admirer and an ardent politician. He even christened his son "Ewart" after the name of his hero.

Mr. G. half looked round at the butler who was handing him butter, when he said, "the pats of butter are of the same

size as they were in my undergraduate days, and so are the pieces of fish!" Yet he could be sharp, too. He quite politely but firmly shut up one of us, who, with singular want of tact, tried to draw him about the reasons of the unpopularity of the London County Council. "Indeed; he had not heard of that—was not much in the way of hearing current gossip."

* * *

A similar instance has been recalled to my memory by C. G. L. "One evening some of the Junior Fellows, perhaps wickedly, tried to test the astuteness of the 'old parliamentary hand.' It was well known that Mr. Gladstone had not been altogether successful on his mission to the Ionian Islands in 1859; so X. started some subject connected with the Mediterranean, and gradually drew the talk nearer to the Ionian Islands. But long before we reached them something seemed to put the old gentleman

on his guard; there was a momentary and very characteristic lifting of that well-known right eyebrow, and then, with perfect courtesy, he rose saying, 'And now I think it would be very pleasant to see the moonlight in the quadrangle.'"

"I could add another," writes W. R. A. "One evening in Common Room his neighbour was getting on to some political subject —I think it must have been Liberalism in Wales—and he turned it off by a story about Bethell which I have never heard elsewhere. Bethell was conducting a case before Lord Justice Knight Bruce, whom he did not love and who did not love him. Knight Bruce was of Welsh extraction, and disliked any allusion to it; he was also a scholar, and fond of quoting classical authors. Knight Bruce interrupted the argument with a classical quotation. Bethell's opponent was at that moment in conversation with his junior, and becoming aware that the Lord Justice

had said something, looked up and said, 'I did not catch his Lordship's remark.' 'Neither did I,' said Bethell, 'it was an observation couched, I believe, in the Welsh language.'"

Letter of Feb. 1 (*continued*)

*N.B.*—Mr. G.'s Lancashire accent grows on one: he almost says "gyarden" for garden, and does say "propourrtion." At last about 9.55 (this had lasted some fifty-five minutes) there were only two people left beside him and me; and I, thinking he might have forgotten, got up and bowed, intending to slip away; but he was up like a shot, and said, "Yes, yes, come along, I won't keep you long;" but he didn't get up, so I stood by the fire through a short fit of silence. At last he moved, and I followed him; he had forgotten his cap and gown, which I fetched, and he said: "This is my own

gown but a borrowed cap, and, as you see, it doesn't fit—my head is a difficult one to fit" (laughing). He led the way to his rooms.[1] F. said: "You begin to know your way about College, Mr. Gladstone."

G. "Yes, but when I was last here my base of operations was the Warden's house, and that was in a different part of the College."

[1] The situation of Mr. Gladstone's rooms is a matter of historical importance. They were on the second floor of the staircase immediately beyond the buttery, with windows looking over the large quadrangle on the one side, and over the Coffee Room Garden, towards Queen's, on the other.—W. R. A.

C. W. O., whose rooms were immediately beneath Mr. Gladstone's, says that he has "a most vivid memory of the noise of feet up and down the staircase all day long, as deputation after deputation, and individual after individual climbed to the second floor to pay its respects to our visitor."

VIEW OF ROOMS AT ALL SOULS COLLEGE, OXFORD,
OCCUPIED BY MR. GLADSTONE

F. "I hope you are comfortable—they're very nice rooms you've got."

G. "Charming, everything I could wish." (He then led me to the table, which was piled up with letters, and, taking one up, gave it to me.) "This is from young Peel (the President of the Union Debating Society), and you see how it concerns you." I saw that it didn't concern me in the least, and was beginning to wonder if I should call for help. I supposed at first he had mistaken me for some secretary to the Union (the letter was one inviting him to make a speech at the Union), when he suddenly began: "Now concerning our conversation of last night, I thought better to ask your advice in the matter. . . ."

F. "I see, Mr. Gladstone, you have made a complete mistake. I hadn't the honour of being presented to you last night."

G. "I beg a thousand pardons. I took

you for Mr. Pelham" [who had sat next him in the Common Room last night].[1]

F. "The mistake has been a most happy one for me. Pelham has often teased me about my growing a beard in order to try and look like him; and it's a great compliment too, for he's one of the handsomest men in Oxford."

G. "My dear fellow, it was the beard! My eyesight is not what it was—you must forgive an old man—nor my hearing either."

F. "But you'll let me take a message to Pelham for you now. I'll go directly, and I'm sure he'll come."

G. "No, no, don't trouble, do sit down. Now I remember a man in the House of Commons when I was young whom we knew as 'the man with the beard.' Nobody

[1] Henry Pelham was then Camden Professor of Ancient History and a leading University Liberal. He was the guest of the Warden at dinner, and Mr. Gladstone and he got on extremely well together. *Multis ille bonis flebilis* . . . 1907.

wore beards then, and that was the origin of my mistake." [And he laughed—a deep gurgling sort of chuckle.] "But what I wanted was this. Mr. Pelham and I were talking last night about Egyptology and Assyriology and their connection with Homer." [My stars! thinks I, I've heard he does this kind of thing by the hour, and my Greek is devilish rusty.] "Now that, you know, is a subject in which I am much interested, and I have lately devoted much time to investigating the effect of the Assyrian and Egyptian myths on Homer's phraseology. And I thought perhaps, if, instead of speaking at the Union, I were to give the young men there a sort of informal lecture" — [he's eighty-one, ye gods]—"a friendly talk, in fact, on the subject, it might be of interest to them. But Pelham said he thought (not apropos of this proposal, for I hadn't laid it before him) that the subject was hardly

yet in sufficiently exact condition to lay before them" [quite right, Pelham] "as a regular part of their curriculum, and I wanted to consult him as to whether there would be any harm in my acting as I now propose to act."[1]

[1] This lecture at the Union was a strange performance. He told me a day or two before that he had been in some difficulty about a subject. I suggested that any personal recollections, either of Oxford in his undergraduate days or of the House of Commons when he first entered it, would be of immense interest. He said no, there were reasons against either of these, but that he had hit on a subject which he thought was sure to be acceptable. It was the "connection of Homeric with modern Assyriological studies." I wondered, and was silent; so did the audience wonder, while it was being delivered—wonder what it was all about. But when, at the close of the address, a vote of thanks to him was proposed, then we got the real thing to which we had been looking forward, ten minutes of genuine oratory, in which he told us how pleased he was to come back to the Union, to find that the President was the grandson of his old leader, Sir Robert Peel, and

F. "I should think it would not in the least affect his standpoint, which was, I understand, confined to the question of the regular teaching at Oxford. All he meant was it was too early for it to come in as a subject in 'the Schools.'"

G. "Yes, I'm sure he'll agree it would do no harm. But, do you know, I've discovered the strangest things about it. Now, there's that epithet πυλάρτης, the 'gate-shutter,' applied to Aidoneus" [he pronounces Greek in a foreign way that I never heard before, and, as I said, my Greek is rusty]. "Liddell and Scott give no meaning for it[1] (and I'm

to live again, even for a short time, in Oxford, in a place of which "he loved every stone in the walls."—W. R. A.

[1] Liddell and Scott do give the meaning, and the one Mr. Gladstone mentioned. Moreover, it is not to Ἀϊδωνεύς but to Ἀΐδης, of which Ἀϊδωνεύς is only a lengthened form, that the epithet applies in the three passages where it occurs in Homer. (Iliad, viii. 367, xiii. 415; Odyssey, xi. 277.)

going to talk to Liddell about that), but why should he be called the gate-shutter? Persephone was the ruler of the infernal regions, and Aidoneus had nothing to say to it. . . . But I find in the series of myths given in [somebody or other's] collection of Assyrian antiquities, that there were seven gates of those regions, and that when Ashtaroth, being a goddess, went thither on her own concerns she had to pass these gates, and, though she had some difficulty in getting in, she had none in getting back—whereas with mortals the difficulty was to get back. It's curious, very curious." [*N.B.*—I failed to see how it bore on Ἀϊδωνεὺς πυλάρτης, but that was probably my ignorance.] "And again there's that number seven. There was a system of Ἑπτά-ism in the ancient world—the seven gates of Thebes, for instance. And in the Assyrian version of the Deluge there are seven days of storm and one day of calm; which again

is affiliated to the seven days of creation." [I have always heard that "mystic numbers" are one of the last infirmities of noble minds.] "Yes, Homer's epithets are very curious. They haven't been half enough studied, and they all have a meaning, and many of them a mythologic meaning. Now again of the numbers. Why should Hephaestus make twenty seats for the Olympian Gods?[1] There were not twenty gods, or rather far more. But Thetis finds him making twenty. Now Rawlinson says that this number twenty was the mystic number of the Assyrians. . . ."

All this was poured out without my having a chance of getting a word except Yes and No, and other respectful expressions of astonishment. How long he would have gone on I can't say, but it had already lasted half-an-hour when the porter entered with a card from Sir Henry Acland, who

[1] Iliad, xviii. 373.

was below. So I rose and said I would go at once to Pelham, and that I was quite sure that Pelham would approve of anything he, Mr. Gladstone, thought fit to do about his lecture. He again begged forgiveness for the mistake, and I assured him that it had afforded me the greatest delight; he said we should meet again at dinner. And I went off to tell Pelham, who immediately said he should go and get shaved.

*Sunday morning, February* 2.—I'm afraid Vol. III. won't be as interesting as Vols. I. and II., for the editor is tired. Last night at dinner I sat about three places off him, and the conversation was chiefly carried on with W. R. A., C. W. B., and C. C., C. H. R. hovering about the fringe of it.

G. "Tennyson was the greatest poet of the century. Swinburne, yes, great, but rather same." W. R. A. depreciated Swinburne. G. to a certain extent stood up for

him. G. also spoke of the extraordinary sale of Lewis Morris's works: all depreciated him.

W. R. A. "Have you read Bryce's book on America?"

G. "Not all of it. I can't say all, but enough to see what a valuable and laborious book it is. The Americans are astonished at it. The development of millionaires in America is extraordinary. Now there's Carnegie—Carnegie began at four shillings a week and is making £360,000 a year. He wrote a book about it, which I did my best to have disseminated in England, but without success; but I got him to write an article in the —— Magazine, which I regard as most remarkable. He there argues for the duty of making great fortunes, and enumerates three ways of spending them. Two are bad—one is good. The bad ones—mind I don't go with him here—not in the first one—not for a moment—are (1) bequeath-

ing it to your wife and children; (2) bequeathing it to anything else—in fact, to charitable institutions. THERE I AGREE WITH HIM, EVERY WORD" (slapping his hand hard on the table). "The good one is (3) giving it away in your lifetime. He's always giving away, in England as well as in America, giving £50,000 to a public library in America every now and then. Extraordinary thing the number of public libraries in America; they say there are over two thousand of them; there are no circulating libraries there. When the Royal College of Music wanted money, and was begging twenty pounds here and fifty pounds there with great difficulty, and the Princess of Wales was trying everywhere for money for it, my daughter wrote to Carnegie and he sent her a cheque for £1000, and the Princess was wild with delight. Now Quaritch deals enormously with America—it's the Americans who give the long prices for early editions, so he tells

me. Does your library deal much with Quaritch? No? With whom then?"

W. R. A. "With various booksellers."

G. "The rage for early editions is wonderful. Now, I had a little book, a first edition of Alastor, and some one suggested to me that it was valuable, and I took it to Sotheran or Westell, I forget which, who sent it to auction, and, after deducting the liberal commissions charged, I got a cheque for £8 or £9. Ah! but I burned my fingers the other day: I bought a little book, Sterling's Poems, for two guineas, and met a friend afterwards who had got an equally good copy for 12s."

* * *

The storage of books was a favourite theme with Mr. Gladstone. C. G. L. remembers how he launched out on this theme one evening in the Common Room, and illustrated his scheme of bookshelves by an elaborate use of knives, forks, glasses, and

decanters. In the Library, says C. W. O., the thing that interested him most was the collection of sixteenth-century Bibles.

Letter of Feb. 2 (*continued*)

The conversation slipped on to Lord Houghton, and he told a story of Houghton's extraordinary love of paradox, which he wished kept private, and another which he didn't wish kept private: "It was one day at breakfast at Milman's (Macaulay was there), and Houghton said that he thought any author was entitled to perfectly indefeasible copyright for ever and ever in any book; and in the next breath he declared that any person ought to be at perfect liberty to quote, extract, hash up, detach, pillage any piece out of any book he liked. And he maintained the two with perfect seriousness as both true."

We came back to Carnegie somehow or other.

G. "I dined with him not long ago at the Hotel Metropole, but no pomposity, all very simple and nice. Yes, but a mere leveller, a mere leveller in politics; quite seriously, I dislike his politics. He has been taken up by some one whom I won't mention in the political world, who has made some use of him and floated a newspaper. No, I never see that sort of newspaper."

The conversation turned on a then leading Radical politician and journalist, and W. R. A. boldly said that he mistrusted the man. C. H. R. spoke of the man's trying to make himself out worse than he is, and ascribing to himself, in the smoking-room of his club, all the vices under heaven.

G. was guarded, and spoke of him as "an able man, a man of whom he knew little," &c.

Much that I didn't catch; then

W. R. A. "Yes, I put Boswell at the

very head. The four best biographies ever written are Boswell [something inaudible], Morley's 'Life of Cobden,' and Southey's 'Life of Wesley.'" [1]

G. "Ah! you're right, but not about Morley's 'Cobden.' I don't like it. I have the highest opinion of Morley. But I knew Cobden intimately, and he was a most remarkable man. The way that man worshipped Peel! The way he stuck by Peel and surrendered his own judgment to him. But the fact is that he had the most generous mind and one of the most sensitive. I remember Palmerston wound-

[1] I do not think that I was so dogmatic. I said that, if I had to name the four best biographers, I should name Boswell, a long way ahead, then Southey's "Life of Wesley," Trevelyan's "Macaulay," and Morley's "Cobden." If I recollect rightly, Mr. Gladstone accepted the first two readily, thought there was much to be said about the third, but that I was wrong about the fourth. —W. R. A.

ing him very much, quite unintentionally; Palmerston said lots of things which he did not mean, and never meant to wound anybody. But Cobden had said something in his speech which reflected on the conduct of foreign affairs, and Palmerston in reply applied to him the line 'ne sutor ultra crepidam.' Cobden was terribly hurt. Not an orator like Bright, but such a noble character, so simple and so strong."

At coffee time I took an opportunity of asking Mr. Gladstone whether he had seen Pelham; he said, "Yes, he came yesterday morning soon after you left:" and then laughed immensely over his mistake again. Then he bade me sit down by him, and still, I suppose, under some vague idea that, if not Pelham, I was his shadow, or at least an ancient historian,[1] he began to speak of

[1] T. R. illustrates this when he says: "Mr. Gladstone always seemed to be more interested in subjects than in persons; he did not readily find

the conditions of the study of ancient history. Then my long walks with Pelham in Norfolk five years ago stood me in good stead. At first, like the Russians at Zorndorff, I "stood still to be sabred like oxen, yea like sacks of meal" (see Carlyle's "Frederick"); gradually I began to find my tongue.

out what kind of man he was talking to, and was often oddly forgetful of what a man in his position is usually careful to remember."

C. W. O. adds another illustration of this: "Mr. Gladstone remarked that we should consider it strange to be told that Cardinal Newman was unacquainted with the works of Dante; 'the proof of it which I can give is this,' said he; 'the last time that I saw my old friend at the Oratory, I took the opportunity of telling him that I considered his "Dream of Gerontius" the most striking glimpse of the other world that had been conceived since the "Paradiso": I was proceeding to enlarge upon this theme when he abruptly changed the topic of conversation, from which I could only conclude that he knew nothing of Dante.' That Newman had a modest desire not to talk about his own works had evidently not struck his interlocutor as likely."

G. "And Rawlinson's lectures were not much attended?"

F. "No, I believe not; indeed I think he did not lecture much latterly."

G. "Why did he resign?"

F. "I think because he was made a Canon of Canterbury."

G. "No, no, he has been a Canon of Canterbury for years" [poking his finger at F.].

F. "Of course, I beg pardon, it was because he got a City living and had to resign one of the three preferments, and chose the professorship."

G. "Yes, yes, that was it. But he is an authority, is he not? I mean his books?"

F. "Yes, I believe great, especially on Phœnicia, though I saw a very unfavourable review of one of his last works in the *Spectator* not long ago."

G. "He and his brother Sir Henry Rawlinson led the way to the discoveries of

the most ancient histories of the East. I fancy he utilised his brother's knowledge largely."

F. "Mr. Sayce is the great authority on these things now. I don't know how far he has upset Rawlinson."

G. "But I am thinking of thirty years ago. Sayce is quite young. Pelham is great on Greek History, isn't he?"

F. "Greater on Roman. You know he is a favourite disciple of Mommsen. When Mommsen was last over here he stayed with Pelham, who is following his plan of teaching. He wants to make a new Britannia Romana on Camden's model. I believe he has got a great work on the stocks."

G. "But how is that not to clash with Merivale? I thought Merivale was the standard work." [F. don't know much Roman History, but he knows better than that—Merivale is exploded. F. didn't know what to say, wriggled and twisted, with the

eagle's blue-grey eyes glaring at him about eight inches off his own—looked up to W. R. A. for help, but W. R. A., who was standing just above us, either heard not or wouldn't hear.]

F. "I am afraid I'm not competent to say, Mr. Gladstone. I fancy Pelham will be able to fill up some lacunae in Merivale, especially in the later period."

Somehow we got back to some of our breakfast subjects and back to Eton, as he so often does. F. said: "We might refer the question of where a Provost is buried to W. R. A., he is on the Governing Body." W. R. A. said: "Provost Hawtrey was buried in the Chapel. I was at his funeral when I was a boy. The late Provost was buried in the cemetery on the Eton Wick Road. I attended his funeral, as a member of the Eton Governing Body, in 1884."

G. "Headmasters are appointed very young nowadays."

W. R. A. "Yes, when I was on the Governing Body of Dulwich several candidates were rejected because they were over forty." G. seemed quite astonished at this, and said, "But surely none was ever appointed under thirty."

Chorus. "Montagu Butler, Welldon, Rutherford."

G. "Ah!" [It would require black letter to give an idea of the depth and richness of his "Ah!"]

Chorus mixed up with itself again, and left G., W. R. A., and F.; and F. said to W. R. A.: "I remember when Warre was appointed to Eton some people were afraid he would be cut out by a younger man." W., knowing whom I meant, smiled.

G. "Warre has been very successful, has he not? I hear the school is 1050 in number."

W. R. A. "No, Mr. Gladstone, it has never quite touched a thousand. In 1877

it was within a few of that number—then came agricultural depression and the number fell off: now again it is at its highest."

G. approved warmly of F.'s great enthusiasm for Warre. W. R. A. led the conversation to some question of finance, which led G. to say: "The man who knew least about finance, who was ever at the head of the Treasury, was the first Lord Ripon."

W. R. A. "Prosperity Robinson, you mean?"

G. "Yes, he was so-called because he inherited a wonderful year of prosperity and a full exchequer."

F. "Was that the result of Vansittart's lowering of duties?"

G. "Vansittart wasn't at all an able man."

F. "I only know about him from Miss Martineau's 'History of the Peace.' She gives him an excellent character, and so, I think, does Greville."

G. "Two very different witnesses to char-

acter. I've always heard he was a good man, but an able man? No."

* * *

W. R. A. adds: "A financier of that period of whom Mr. Gladstone spoke with great respect was Mr. Herries, whose appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer was an episode in the brief Ministry of Lord Goderich. I think that the name of Mr. Herries arose on another occasion than that referred to in the text, when Mr. G. was talking of the Crimean War and of the scanty recognition given to the services of Sidney Herbert as Secretary at War. He then said that in time of war the work of organising supplies of all sorts was an ungrateful task, in which every shortcoming was denounced, while difficulties of administration were unheeded, and what was done well was unnoticed, and that the military men were always exacting beyond reason, and then he instanced Herries. Without the work done

by Herries, he said, the Peninsular campaign could not have been carried to a successful issue, and he referred me to a Memoir of the life of Herries in which he told me that I should find a full justification of his praise. Herries was Commissary-in-Chief from October 1811–1816, and the Memoir, though in part of a controversial character, designed to rebut some disparaging remarks of Sir Spencer Walpole on Herries' qualifications as Chancellor of the Exchequer, establishes to the full Mr. Gladstone's estimate. But when did he, in the midst of politics, theological controversies, and Homeric studies, find time to read a little known biography of an almost forgotten statesman?"

Letter of Feb. 2 (*continued*)

W. R. A. then spoke of Sir James Graham's great work in administrative reform, to which G. assented, but without enthusiasm.

Chorus gradually gather round G. in a half-moon, and G. begins to lay down the law on finance.

G. "There isn't a country in Europe that has a sound system of finance except England. Now I'll tell you what it is. The instant the financial year is ended we in England have a complete, though rough, account presented to the House of Commons." ["Complete though rough" were not his words. I think the word was "approximate," but he used "complete though rough" a minute afterwards to describe the same thing.] "It could be presented on half a sheet of note-paper"—[he seized on that engine of finance, which happened to be lying on the table by his side, and flourished it about]. "Now the French Chamber has a most elaborate and detailed system, but no one knows how far the Ministers will keep to it in the coming year." [I gathered from this tirade that the French Ministry pretend

to present their accounts to the nation, and really present only the shell or exterior of them, and are then at liberty to walk round parliamentary restrictions at will. This I am sure was his sense, though I couldn't understand the details.] "And all other European nations have followed the French instead of us. Their accounts are all a Sham. We should be amazed, for instance, if we could learn the truth of the financial state of Italy. The aggregate interest of her debt is greater than our own. Yet she has only been twenty or thirty years making it."

Some one said: "I think she had a clean start before Florence became the capital?"

G. "Yes, I believe she started with a clean bill of health then. There may have been some slight debt over from Piedmont, but there was none from the other provinces."

C. W. B. "And the local debts in Italy are so gigantic. In Naples they are raising loans at 15 per cent., and much the same in Rome."

G. "Really? It is amazing. But why don't the Italian funds fall? they are still standing at 95. What *do* the people in Naples and Rome do for a livelihood?" [Ah, Mr. G., they were better off as honest brigands before you upset poor King Bomba.]

C. W. B. "Taxation has reached its limit in Italy, has it not?"

G. "I should say it had certainly."

C. W. B. "And then there's the octroi." [G. shook his head sadly.]

G. "But when I was last in Tuscany I saw no signs of distress; jolly prosperous farmers, coming in with their goods to Florence; they have very easy landlords, and seem to have a fair market."

F. "Val d'Arno's a very rich country—you mustn't judge the rest of Italy by that."

B. thought the Po was in the Val d'Arno, and G. corrected him with great alacrity. Something then led Mr. G. to tell a story

of a Greek who found his way to Hawarden, knowing no word of English but Γλαδστῶν.

G. "And I was at home at the time, and some of my people—the coachman, I think —went out and found him asleep in a barn —and at first they were for suspecting him; but one of my sons went to him and they fetched me. I couldn't understand him, and my nephew Jack was there. Where's George? Here, George, you're wanted— your brother was there, and he made him write down his Greek words of which we could't understand his pronunciation, and so we made out that he had come to see me."

W. R. A. "And why?"

G. (rising and shaking himself like an old lion): "Because he thought that in some way or other I was a friend of the Greeks. We didn't know what to do with the man; he hadn't a penny in his pocket. Heaven knows how he got there. But I got him a place in the Greek Consulate at Liverpool,

where he is doing very well, and he writes me grateful letters."

W. "One is glad to know when an incident of that sort terminates so happily."

I think this was the last point. It was 10.20; he rose and said good-night all round.

[Then, of course, the rest of the juniors danced round F., harrying, badgering him, and pinching him to tell the story of the private interview of the morning; of which, of course, A. H. H. has several splendid versions already going, the best perhaps being this:—

"And then you know F. got in a blue funk when they were left alone and the door was shut, and Gladstone began in a solemn voice: 'The remarks which in your levity you made last night about Egypt . . .' and F. thought he must have been frightfully drunk over night and accused the old man on his foreign policy."]

At 8.45 this morning in chapel Mr.

Gladstone was resplendent in his Doctor's hood; the Bible-clerk walked to T. R., our Dean, and asked who should read the Second Lesson, and then, on being told, went and led out the Great Man, who began at once: "Here beginneth the Twenty-First Chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel—No; of the Revelation," and then read that great chapter very simply, with his broad rolling Lancashire accent. F. H. T., who is a born singer and orator, had already performed Genesis i. with extreme beauty.

* * *

T. R. afterwards told me that when he asked him before chapel whether he acknowledged the authority of the Dean (*i.e.* to send him out to read), the old man answered: "Mr. R., I acknowledge all constituted authority. I am the most conformable of men."

"It is difficult," says T. R., "to describe Mr. Gladstone's rendering of the lesson; there was no striving for effect, but his

reverent sense of the message he was passing on to us, and his perfect articulation, seemed to invest the familiar words with a new meaning. One day, when he read the Second Lesson at the Cathedral, Canon Bright (a strong political opponent) was reported to have said: 'I can forgive him much for the light which he has thrown on the mind of St. Paul.'"

C. G. L. adds: "Equally remarkable was his reading of the Psalms. His deep sonorous voice continued reading each verse long after the rest of us had finished it. I can see him now bending over the book as if absorbed in the effort to realise each word: he seemed quite oblivious of every one else in chapel; and it was this same detachment that made his rendering of the Lesson so striking."

### Letter of Feb. 2 (*continued*)

At breakfast I was about the middle of the table and Mr. G. at the end, so I didn't

catch much. Sunday breakfast is always a fuller table than week-day. The conversation was principally between A. H. H., A. C. H., and himself.

G. "A Norwegian or a Dane is more like an Englishman than a German is, a South German more like a North German because of the Slavonic element so largely mixed with the population of Prussia, Mecklenburg, and Pomerania" [? Wendish—and is a Wend a Slav or even an Aryan?].

G. "I have lived out of, and again into, the period when it is the fashion to give Sunday breakfasts. Now there's my friends Lord and Lady S.; they are famous for keeping the best table in London; when I first stayed with them they (being very strict people about Sunday) would have no cooking done on that day, but next time I stayed I was surprised to find a hot breakfast and a large party—they had been obliged, they said, to give in."

Followed a story about Christopher Wordsworth which has escaped my memory.

G. "Yes, I knew the Princess Lieven. She flattered and petted and toadied [the second Earl] Grey till she could twist him round her little finger. It was quite a different thing, as she found, when she tried to play the same game with Lord Aberdeen."

I did not catch the whole of his remarks about Grey, but the general tone of them was, to my surprise, disparaging.

G. "When I was an undergraduate we ate no lunch except Leman's biscuits, which were all the thing then."

A. C. H. "But you dined at five—what long evenings you must have had." [To my great regret I failed to hear more of this topic, but he went on for some time at it.]

After to-night I shall have few chances of

meeting him except breakfast; he dines out every night for the next few days till he goes, which will be on Friday.

*Monday, February* 3, '90.—A poor budget. I thought I had had enough favour and kept discreetly in the background. At dinner last night there was a larger party, and I saw and heard nothing except when he chaffed me about my beard and said good-night to "Professor Pelham."

Breakfast this morning; he told an excellent story apropos of the Duke of Cumberland's and the Duke of Cambridge's habits of swearing.

G. "Lord Mark Kerr had sworn at some troops at a review before the Queen. The Queen sent for the Duke of Cambridge and said he must reprimand Lord Mark, which the Duke did as follows: 'Look here, Mark, H.M. heard you swear, and she said she was damned if she'd stand it.'"

G. "The English people are extraordinarily difficult to work up to excitement on any question; one may hammer away at them, and very likely they will remain quite indifferent; and even if they wake up, unless you keep them hot long enough to carry it through they will go to sleep, and it may be fifty years before you can wake them up again." [What a commentary on recent politics!]

G. [Eton again.] "Now when I was at Eton there were four classes of boys. There was the idle and clever boy, and perhaps he had the best enjoyment of all out of the school; then there was the idle and stupid boy, and he was well off too, *for his idleness compensated for his stupidity*. The clever and industrious boy was not so well off; he did every one's verses for them, and was generally made a beast of burden. But the worst off of all was the stupid and industrious boy. He had *nothing to compensate*

*for his stupidity*.[1] I remember a specimen of the last class who had somehow or other achieved, with huge labour, a copy of Iambics. His tutor took them up between his finger and thumb, when they were presented, and said, with a contemptuous air, 'Todd, what demon has prompted *you* to rush into Greek verse?'"

G. "I was present in Convocation at Oxford when the question of Catholic Emancipation was before the country."

A. C. H. "I suppose there was a brave debate."

G. "Debate, sir, not at all. Congregation [*sic*] agreed by — votes to five (slapping his hand on the table) to peti-

[1] This story was evidently a favourite of Mr. Gladstone's. I see from the Life that he had already told it in two speeches to schools, one at Mill Hill and the other at Marlborough. The next story is also mentioned in the Life.

tion Parliament against Catholic Emancipation."[1]

G. [Of Scottish patriotism, Carnegie again.] "I remember one passage in his book. His first ideas of the majesty of office were derived from the Provost and Corporation of Dunfermline in their robes and chains (he was born at Dunfermline). 'What Mecca,' he says, 'is to the Moslem, what Jerusalem is to the Jew, what Rome is to the Catholic, that, and more than that, Dunfermline is and will always be to me.' He has a true Scottish patriotism."

* * *

T. R. once got Mr. Gladstone to talk of the Free Church of Scotland: "I spoke of Chalmers as a 'High Churchman'; he demurred to the phrase: 'No doubt there was a certain agreement between high Pres-

[1] In the Life, where he again tells this story, the gist is the same, but he mentions forty-seven votes as given against the majority.

byterians and high Anglicans, but not fundamental agreement,' and then he passed from the topic. I think his view was that a Church might have deep spiritual life though deprived of 'spiritual independence'; but that there cannot be a deep religious life in a Church which has not an adequate sense of the importance of the Sacraments."

On the whole I am surprised to remember that there was little theological talk. He exhibited (on the first afternoon, I think) much interest in the fact that Bismarck had recently received a theological degree, and said that he was surprised that Jowett held no degree in theology. C. G. L. was able to inform him that Jowett was a Doctor in Theology of the University of Leyden.

There is an unaccountable lacuna in the letters between February 3 and 8. Letters were certainly written each day, though none so long as those of February 1 and 2, and

I think that on each day, except one when Mr. Gladstone breakfasted out, I met him at breakfast. It is possible that the letters were lent to friends or otherwise mislaid.

*Saturday*, *February* 8.—Well, it's all over, and the great man is gone. The Domestic Bursar said last night it would be quite a relief when he had quitted the College without any mishap, for he (the bursar) felt such a responsibility on his shoulders. Last night there was a great party at W. R. A.'s house, and my wife and I were invited to the drawing-room. When the gentlemen came in from the dining-room, Mr. Gladstone came in alone and looked round, and presently came and talked to me. I presented my wife, and we had a good deal of pleasant talk. He was exceedingly polite and kind to her, but it was quite evident that his old Oxonian Toryism resented the idea of "married Fellows," and we heard from other sources that the whole of the woman element

in modern Oxford was profoundly distasteful to him.

* * *

T. R. further elucidates this point: "He spoke kindly of efforts to improve the education of women: one of his own daughters was a tutor at Newnham, Cambridge; but colleges for women at Oxford! —a deep 'Ah' indicated that Mr. Gladstone had misgivings. When Mrs. Gladstone was in Oxford, a lady spoke of her visit as a 'pleasant surprise'; 'Not at all, not at all, ma'am,' said the old man in a tragic voice, 'there are far too many ladies in Oxford already.'"

Letter of Feb. 8 (*continued*)

He told a lovely story about a Highland boatman which I reserve till we meet, and then got on to the late Bishop of Durham, whom he had met at Braemar and in Norway, and was much interested when I said that I had been in his house at Bournemouth

during his last illness. He remembered J. R. H.[1] on the Braemar visit, and asked what he was doing. He spoke much of the hurry of life in modern Oxford, and I said that I believed if the terms were longer we should not be so hustled. He agreed, and commended the Scottish system of six months' term, and when I said everything Scottish was to be commended, he smiled cordial approval, and spoke of the nobility of the Scottish student life and the peck of meal in the garret. Harcourt came up, and the wife and I retired. He at once began to Harcourt on Homer, which, as the latter is a man of science pure and simple, was a little hard on him. When he said good-night to me, which he did very warmly, he said how happy he had been in College and how he would gladly end his days here. But, truth to tell, he was tired to-night, and, though I suppose he

[1] The present Bishop of Rochester.

lives an even more exciting life all the year round, the mere amount of talking that he does is bound to take it out of a man of his age.

* * *

This is the end of the letters.

The generation that knew Mr. Gladstone personally is passing away, and, as Lord Rosebery recently pointed out, the combination of "bookishness" and statesmanship—to use the word "statesmanship" in its popular sense, as equivalent to "the art of governing"—is becoming rarer every year. But we who were young when Mr. Gladstone was old will, I think, never regret the week which we spent in the company of one whom the most pressing and arduous duties of political life had never been able to divorce from his catholic affection for all manner of books, and in whom no changes of political standpoint had weakened his affection for the University of Oxford.

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